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Las Vegas, N. M., Jan. 15, 1873. tf

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CHARLES ILFELD, Secretary.

A Tale of Horror.

Wreck of the Golden Hind.

A FAMISHED CREW SUBSIST FOR THIRTEEN DAYS ON HUMAN FLESH.

FORTY-EIGHT DAYS IN OPEN BOATS IN THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTAIN.

One of the most extraordinary instances says the New Orleans Times, of human privation on record, and a calamity that has rarely been equaled in the history of maritime disaster, has been brought to light through Mr. John Saville, first officer of the American ship Golden Hind, who reached this city from Rio Janeiro on Tuesday.

The wreck of the ship Golden Hind, has already been recorded, but the unparalleled sufferings of that portion of her crew who yet survive, we believe has never yet been made public. In a long interview, yesterday Mr. Saville detailed all the fearful particulars, and we give the frightful story in his own words.

THE FIRST OFFICER'S NARRATIVE.

The American ship Golden Hind, Capt. Benjamin F. Robbins, left New York on the 12th of February, on a voyage to St. Francisco. When in a latitude of St. Catherine's we experienced a series of heavy westerly gales, which continued for nearly a month with great violence. On the 13th of June when on the west side of Patagonia, and at the entrance to the Straits of Magellan the pinnacles and gulleons of the rudder gave way and it floated off. Three days were wasted in constructing a temporary one of spare spars. It lasted about a week, but in another heavy gale this was also carried away, and we drifted at the mercy of the winds. On the second day after the last disaster, the Golden Hind struck between two rocks one forward and one aft, on the western coast of Patagonia. Three boats were hurriedly prepared, the men put on extra suit of clothes, laid in a small quantity of provisions, and at seven o'clock that evening lowered away. In the hurry of departure nearly all of our nautical instruments were left on board and, in fact, many articles absolutely necessary. There were three boats lowered, the first under the command of Captain Robbins, the second commanded by myself, and the third in charge of Mr. Webb, the second mate. Each contained seven men. Mr. Webb asserting that he knew the situation better than we did, parted company almost immediately, and it being then quite dark, we lay under the lee of the land until morning. The sea at the time we left the ship was breaking over their fore yard, and

during the night she beat to pieces on the rocks.

The next morning the last vestige of the Golden Hind had disappeared, and a search, which continued two days, was made for the other boat, but no trace of her could be seen. We have long since concluded that she was swamped, and that her entire crew were drowned. Upon examination it was found that we had a small box and a bag of hard bread, the latter soaked with sea water, about twenty cans of beef, a little tea and coffee. An allowance of one cracker to each man, and one can of beef to fourteen was at first issued, but this speedily decreased to half a cracker, and finally we did not taste beef more than once a week.

A few days after we left the wreck the captain's boat was swamped, and we lost our compass, the only instrument we had, and a quantity of the provisions. An attempt was made to reach Sandy Point, a Chilean convict settlement, and the coaling station of the Pacific mail steamers, about two-thirds the way through the Straits of Magellan, but our course could only be determined by the sun and stars.

It was then mid-winter, the mountains along the coast were covered with snow and ice, and the mercury must have been several degrees below zero. We pulled close to the land, working all night in fair weather, and during a heavy blowing and going into camp.

There were plenty of scrub-trees along the coast, and as we were provided with two hatchets and a good supply of matches, a fire was always to be procured. During these visits we secured quite a good supply of shell-fish resembling the mussel, but we found that this diet brought on constipation, and the entire party became unwell.

For about twenty days the men held out admirably, but in the bitter cold a number were frost-bitten, and our legs and feet were terribly swollen.

On going into camp we constructed a tent of the boat's sail and a mizzen royal sail with the oars. A fire was built in the center and the fourteen men sat around it the night through. We suffered terribly from loss of sleep, as no one dared remaining away from the fire for fear of freezing to death, and the tent was too small to hold all in a reclining position.

At the end of the twentieth day the general debility from insufficient food, and the extreme pain in our limbs, rendered the progress slow, and very often we camped for several days at a time. The allowance of bread had been reduced to a quarter of cracker a day. And very often the men did without for a day or two together to help out the supply. Their conduct throughout the dreadful ordeal was most courageous. Every man rendered implicit obedience, and although the ravages of hunger rendered each almost an animal, the general welfare was never lost sight of.

Almost the entire month of July was spent in pulling in what we believed to be the direction to Sandy Point. The only human beings we met were an Indian and two squaws in a canoe. They treated us cordially, and willingly exchanged a duck for a small quantity of tobacco, but they had no other provisions. We had secured from the ship two rifles, and one of the crew shot a duck, but the powder became wet, and our weapon were useless. A dead duck found among the rocks, was also secured and eaten, but with the exception of the shell fish this was the only food we secured.

In the latter part of July the weather became fearfully tempestuous, and after several days of fruitless buffeting, we went into our last encampment. It was a terrible bleak and desolate spot, shut out from the sea by high cliffs, and filled with low stunted trees. We found, however, a few roots, some berries, and strange to say, a little celery, and, not knowing whether the vegetables were poisonous or not, each man partook ravenously of whatever he could find. The high tide prevented our securing any shell fish, and the few seals we saw were too timid to capture, but we secured water in abundance from the streams running down the mountain.

Here the men became seriously ill. Their legs were swollen to frightful proportions, but few could wear their boots, and a majority wandered about with their feet tied up in old cloth and pieces of canvass. Some unable to walk at all, crawled about on their hands and knees.

At length a man named White a seaman, became delirious and shortly afterward died. The ground was so hard frozen that it was impossible to dig a grave, so we carried the body a short distance from the tent and laid it in the bushes.

The next one attacked was a young fellow we called Dan—a sailor, you know, never give their full names except on the articles—and he died within three hours after he became delirious. The carpenter a man from Liverpool, was the next victim; then we lost Charley, a German seaman, and finally another seaman named Frank. All of them died within ten days of each other, and all were laid side by side in the bushes. As each one left us, we took his clothes to keep the living ones warm, but during all these days not one of us had a mouthful of food.

At length the steward taking one of the men out with him into the bush, returned with slices of meat, which were roasted over the fire, and eagerly devoured. We all of us knew we were sustaining life on the bodies of our dead companions, but no man asked a question.

When we eaten almost all of the last body the schooner Eagle, of Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, out seal fishing, hove in sight. One of our men crawled up to the head of the rocks, and waving the American flag, with the union down, attracted their attention. They picked us up and received us all with as great kindness as if we had been their own kindred. We found that we had pulled about two-thirds of the way through the Straits of Magellan, and were then within sixty miles of Sandy Point.

There, after the third day, the Eagle landed us and the Chilean Governor at once provided us with everything in the way of food and clothing we required. He would have sent us by the steamer to Valparaiso, but before she arrived the United States sloop

of war Osibee put into port and took us on board. Captain Robbins, myself, the steward and five seamen who were left of a crew of twenty-one. From the time the Golden Hind went to pieces we spent forty-eight days in open boats, with only the subsistence I have named.

The captain of the Osibee shipped the six seamen, although all of them were on the sick list, and sent Capt. Robbins and myself to Rio de Janeiro.

There I met Capt. Gorham Crowell, of the bark Colin E. McNeil, who kindly volunteered to bring me to New Orleans.

THE LONGEST FENCE IN AMERICA.

The Gold Hill News tells the following story: The other night a rancher, living near Dayton, was coming up from Truckee Meadows, on horseback, when by a blunder on the part of the horse he struck the wrong road and got down on the race track three or four miles north of Virginia. It was a fearful dark night and it was about midnight when he passed through the opening in the fence enclosing the track and followed on around the inside. It was only a mile around, and finding it a nice smooth road for a mountain country he spurred up his old nag and made several heats over the course before it struck him that he might be wrong. Then he got off and found a board fence by the roadside. He rode awhile longer, got off and found it again. After another heat he once more succeeded in finding the same fence. He thought by this time that some house must not be far off, so he commenced shouting. Clarkson, who lives near and attends to the track, heard him several times, now near by, again far off. After a while he concluded to get up and strike a light. As soon as he did so our rancher rode directly for it. Says he: "I thought I was somewhere about the Summit House, but must have got past it forty miles back. Never saw such a long fence. Where the devil am I?" Clarkson told him and he doubtless felt better, more especially when Clarkson gave him and his horse a good feed and a place to rest until daylight, when he left in a highly thankful mood, looking back all the time and swearing again and again that it was "just the longest fence in America."

Victoria Woodhull is not handsome, but she has all the vivacity of a mule's hind leg.

Somebody says "a wife should be like a roasted lamb, tender and nicely dressed." A scamp adds, "and without any sauce."

Editing a paper is very much like carrying an umbrella on a windy day. Everybody thinks he could manage it better than the one who has hold of the handle.

The Terre Haute Gazette man was once third cook on a canal boat. The boys in the office say it's fun to suddenly yell "low bridge," and see him dive frantically under his desk.

"Murder is a very serious thing, sir," said an Arkansas Judge to a convicted prisoner. "It is next to stealing a horse or a mule, sir, and I shall send you to the State Prison for six years, sir."

"George," asked the teacher of a Sunday school class, "who above all others do you wish to see when you get to heaven?" With a face brightening up with anticipation, the little fellow shouted: "Gerliak."

An Indiana man who applied to the administration for the position of Minister to Russia, closed his letter by saying: "If you can't give me that, I would have no objection to being appointed hostler in some warm stable where I could boss two or three boys, as I love the horse and have considerable executive ability."

"Are you a member of the Legislature?" The senator, looking down from an eminence of six feet three, replied, "Yes my son; what can I do for you?" "Why," said the urchin, "I want to be a messenger. I'm eight years old and have never yet had an office." That boy has evidently mastered the science of politics.

An engaged young gentleman got rather neatly out of a scrape with his intended. She taxed him with having kissed two ladies at some party at which she was not present. He owned it, but said their united ages only made twenty-one. The simple-minded girl thought of ten and eleven and laughed off her point. He did not explain that one was nineteen and the other two years of age.

Lost It—A young man in Detroit made a bet that he could stand in the middle of Fort street and look at the City Hall clock half an hour without being run over. Many teams turned out for him, and he had whiled away twelve minutes of the time, when a lively old bakery horse jumped at his back and knocked him thirty feet, by which occurrence he not only lost his wager but received a severe bruising.

A high officer of the Sons of Temperance presenting himself, with the smell of grog he had been drinking, at the door of a Division for admission, was waited on by an Irish sentinel, to whom he gave the pass-word, when the following passed:

"Sir," said he, "and ye are Mister O' Wright, the Grand Worthy Patriarch of the State of Kentucky. I do be after belavin'."

"Yes," said Jim, "you are perfectly right, my friend, but why do you ask the question?"

"To tell ye the truth, sir, and shame the devil," said Pat, "ye do be having the right pass-word for a Son of Temperance, enquirely; but by the blessed St. Patrick ye got the wrong smell."

HOPE ABOVE.

"Behold he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."—Psalms, cxxi.

Amid the silence of the night,
Amid its lonely hours and dreary,
When we close the aching sight,
Musing sadly, lorn and weary,
Trusting that to-morrow's light,
May reveal a day more cheery;

Amid affection's darkest hour,
When no hope beguiles our sadness,
When death's hurrying tempests lower,
And forever shroud our gladness,
While Grief's unrelenting power
Goads our stricken heart to madness;

When from friends below'd we're parted,
And from scenes our spirits love;
And are driven, broken-hearted,
O'er a heartless world to rove;
When the woes of which we've smarted,
Vainly seek to melt or move;

When we trust and are deluded,
When we love and are denied;
When the schemes o'er which we brooded,
Burst like mist on mountain's side,
And from every hope excluded
We in dark despair abide;

Then, and ever, God sustains us,
He whose eye no slumber knows,
Who controls each throb that pains us,
And in mercy sends our woes,
And by love severe constrains us
To avoid eternal throes.

Happy he whose heart obeys Him!
Lost and ruined, who disown!
Oh! if idols e'er displace Him,
Tear them from his chosen throne.
May our lives and language praise him,
May our hearts be His alone!

A dandy on shore is had enough, but a swell on the sea is sickening.

Sam.—Do jackasses catch the horse disease?
Tom.—Why, do you feel the symptoms of it?—[Exit Sam.]

An eminent judge used to say that, in his opinion, the very best thing ever said by a witness to a counsel was the reply given to Missing, the barrister. He was defending a prisoner charged with stealing his examination of the witness. "Do you mean to say, the donkey was stolen from that gate?" "I mean to say, sir," giving the judge and then the jury a sly look, "the ass was 'missing.'"

Massachusetts will be more unbearably puffed up than ever on learning that certain Icelandic chronicles lately translated by the Royal Antiquarian Society of Copenhagen distinctly describe its discovery, under the title of Vinland, in the year 1002, nearly five centuries before the rest of America was heard of. Hereafter, instead of calling any Massachusetts man an ass, it will be proper to speak of him as a Norse.

A man bought some things at a Meriden drug store, the cost of which was thirty cents, paying therefor with a twenty-five cent stamp and a five-cent nickel. After the customer had left the clerk ascertained that the stamp was counterfeit and was orally expressing his disgust, when the proprietor asked him what was the matter. He stated that the scrip was counterfeit. "Was the nickel good?" "Yes, sir." "O, well, never mind, we made two and a half cents profit anyhow."

A great temperance revival is in progress at Leavenworth.

A Nashville printer ninety-six years old still sets type, and gets 'em right end up every time.

The Chinese are the most expert chicken thieves in the world, colored men fanciers not excepted.

Corn is selling from 15 to 18c per bushel in Northern Kansas, and many persons are burning it for fuel.

The Quincy Herald reports the purchase, by Gen. Singleton, of the stallion "Willie Schepper" at a price exceeding \$15,000.

A Pastor's reward.—The good, faithful pastoral work is appreciated in the State of Ohio is illustrated in the following incident that occurred in Ironton:

A revival preacher, who had won fame by his power in the pulpit came to Ironton for a week's work. He was very zealous, preached every evening, excited considerable interest, and was vehement in his exhortations to the unrepentant portion of the congregation to come forward. On the last evening of his favors he outdid himself, but not one person arose to come forward. Discouraged he set down; whereupon a grave-faced anxious man got up and said that the elder had been working hard and laboring faithfully among them, and as a token of their appreciation, he moved that the congregation give him three cheers. It was done right heartily and that congregation went quietly out and silently home satisfied that they had fully and faithfully performed their duty.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

The young Prince Napoleon Eugene Louis Jean Joseph was born on the 15th of March, 1856, and is, therefore, now drawing toward the completion of his seventeenth year. While still in arms he was placed on the muster roll of the French Imperial Guards as a private in the regiment; for, as it was intended that he should receive a military command, it was designed as a compliment to the army that he should, at least nominally, go through all the gradations of the service. When old enough to begin to learn the military exercises he was put through them with youths of his own age, and in this way he was taught the bayonet and other drills before he was eight years old. By this time, too, he had been made a non-commissioned officer of his regiment, and passed step by step through the various grades toward the rank of Colonel. But, while special attention was given to his military training, his education as a citizen was not neglected. Besides the ordinary rudiments of instruction he received lessons in two or three handicrafts, the last of which was the setting up of types in the imperial printing office at Paris. The object of this was simply to extend his sphere of knowledge and enlarge his views in after life; but the ability to earn a living like an ordinary individual has before now proved a valuable accomplishment for every heir to a throne. It will be remembered that King Louis Philippe, while in exile in Switzerland in early life, pursued for a time the calling of a schoolmaster. The young Prince Imperial bears the reputation of being intelligent, good-natured and very much attached to his friends. The late Napoleon was extremely attached to his only son and heir. The boy is reported not to possess much force of character, but the world may be destined to hear more from him yet.

The Herald prints a communication signed, "Chemist," in which the writer, who says that he is one of the Paris Commune, states that the Boston fire was the work of the Labor Reformers; that the explosions heard during the fire, which were attributed to other things, were but explosions of a powerful chemical combination, lately invented, and known only to him and his confederates, no larger than an ordinary apple, and costing only ninety two cents each. He says their work at Boston was but the commencement, and intimates that capitalists shall still further suffer if the rights of labor are not respected.

By private letter received from Hon. S. B. Elkins, dated Jan. 4th. at New York, we learn that railway matters are assuming a definite shape and that the negotiations of himself and Mr. Collinson, with the Atchison Topeka & Santa Fe Company, have thus far been successful. By next mail (if it comes before the Arkansas Valley & Cimarron Ry. is built.) we expect to hear of successful termination of the negotiations.—Cimarron News.

An English traveler says: "Put an American baby six months old on his feet, and he will immediately say, 'Mr. Chairman,' and call the next cradle to order."

A lady in Marseilles has sued a hairdresser for 2,000 francs damages. He had offered to dye her brown hair red, and, in consequence of his operation, it turned violet. She was obliged to have her head shaved.

Women," exclaimed an enthusiastic advocate of "rights" of the sex to commissions in the navy, "have always occupied positions of responsibility in the navy—yes, from the earliest times; for wasn't Lot's wife an old salt."

At Ligonier, Indiana, the Conrad block, including the Heems house, was burned on Sunday night; loss, \$150,000.